The Baltimore Weekly Magazine.

For ev'ry palate is our Banquet fit;
Replete with Morals, Hiſt'ry, News & Wit.

SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1800.

ESSENTIAL DIFFERENCE BETWIXT VERSE AND PROSE.

WE hear ſo much falſe criticiſm given on poetical compoſition, even by perſons whoſe proſaic works are eſteemed, that it becomes neceſſary to remind ſeveral men of talents, that a writer may diſplay great learning, ingenuity, and judgment on literary topics, although incapable of taſting and deciding on poetical compoſitions. Several men of letters appear to be ignorant of that eſſential difference which exiſts betwixt verſe and proſe. The learned Huet has ſo ably deſcried it, that I ſhall not alter his words. No man had a juſter right to ſpeak on this ſubject; for to vaſt erudition he united an elevated poetical genius.

"Among the differences which diſtinguiſh verſe from proſe, I perceive one which is not ſufficiently obſerved; or obſerved too ſuperficially and generally, rather than clearly and minutely; which ſometimes ſeems forgotten, but which appears to me notwithſtanding eſſential. It is, that *verſe* is ſubjected to very narrow limits for its meaſure, numbers, quantity and rhime; but is very free for its thoughts, expreſſions, and figures. Poets are permitted unlimited freedoms, which are called poetical licences and daring turns; theſe are even required as neceſſary ornaments. *Proſe*, on the contrary, has entire liberty in what regards the arrangement of words, nor is it ſervilely ſubjected to the judgement of the ear; but its thoughts and figures are ſubmitted to the ſtricteſt rule; and although its ſtyle is not meaſured, it muſt however be numerous and chaſte, and diſplay marks of that order and arrangement which muſt clearly reflect the mind."

This great Paſcal, whoſe extraordinary genius diſcovered itſelf in various ſciencies, knew but little of the nature of poetical beauties. He has ſaid, that "Poetry has no ſettled object." This was the deciſion of a geometrician, not of a poet. "ſhould he ſpeak of what he did not underſtand?" ſaid the lively Voltaire. This ſublime genius diſtinguiſhed by ſo many talents, ſhould have been ſatisfied to have directed them to their proper objects, without extending his criticiſm on others, which do not come under the cognizance of philoſophy or wit.

Longuerue had profoud erudition; but he decided on poetry in the ſame manner as ſeveral learned men do now. Nothing ſo ſtrongly characteriſes ſuch literary men as the following obſervation in the Longuerana, p. 170.

"There are two *books on Homer*, which I prefer to *Homer himſelf*. The firſt is, *Antiquitates Homericæ* of Feithius, where he has extracted every thing relative to the uſages and cuſtoms of the Greeks; the other is, *Homeri Gnomologia, per Duportum*, printed at Cambridge. In theſe two books is found every thing valuable in Homer, withour being obliged to get through his childiſh ſtories! *Contes a dormir debout!)*

It is thus men of *ſcience* decide on men of *taſte*. There are perſons who ſtudy Homer and Virgil, as the blind travel through a fine country, merely to get to the end of their journey.

MILTON.

THERE is ſomething ſo peculiarly ſtriking in Milton's preface to his book written in anſwer to the celebrated Eikon Baſilike of Charles the Firſt. that the reader will not be diſpleaſed to have the initial paragraph tranſcribed. I give it as an inſtance of the noble confidence in his abilities, which, in common with other ſuperior minds, he poſſeſſed; as alſo for that elevated though bitter ſtyle concerning monarchs which, as a republican, he was prompted to employ.

"To diſcant on the misfortunes of a perſon, fallen from ſo high a dignity, who hath alſo paid his final debt to Nature and his faults, is neither of itſelf a thing commendable, nor the intention of this diſcourſe. Neither was it fond ambition, or the vanity to get a name, preſent, or with poſterity, by writing againſt a king; I never was ſo thirſty after fame, nor ſo deſtitute of *other hopes* and *means*, *better*, and more *certain* to attain it. For kings have gained glorious titles from their favourers by writing againſt private men, as Henry VIII. did againſt Luther; but no man ever

gained much honour by writing against a king, as not usually meeting with that force of argument in such courtly antagonists, which to covince might add to his reputation. Kings most commonly, though, strong in legions, are but weak at arguments; as they who ever have accustomed from the cradle to use their will only as their right hand, their reason always as their left. Whence unexpectedly constrained to that kind of combat, they prove but weak and puny adversaries."

NEW PUBLICATION.

A POEM has just been published at New-York, addressed to the author of the '*Pursuits of Literature*,' entitled '*The Unsex'd Females*,' to which is annexed '*A sketch of the Public and Private Character of Peter Pindar.*' The whole in a neat pocket volume, with superfine paper and elegant print. As the title of the above book is singular not to say obscure, it may contribute to the just popularity of a very useful and engaging work to describe its scope, and unfold some particulars respecting its author. The object of this well timed and deserved satire is to expose the moral deformity of those arrogant and audacious, literary, political, philosophical courtezans, who, emulous of the fame of Mrs. *Wolstoneraft*, have striven to divest the sex of their ancient character; to banish shamefacedness, and softness, and delicacy, the retired virtues, and the domestic attainments; and to invite women to become amazons, and statesmen and directors, and harlots, upon philosophical principles. This outrageous and unnatural scheme is one of that viperous brood, hatched by a cuckoo revolution, and reared in the sweet recesses of *Talien's* bed chamber, and Madame *Roland's* cabinet parties. *Helen Maria Williams* was initiated into the new mysteries of female masonry by her fellow-craftsman the melting *Mary*; and *Williams* taught *Ann Yearsley*, the Bristol milk-woman to suck in the new doctrine with her mother's milk; and *Ann Yearsley* taught *Robinson* alias Perdita, alias the *Bird of Paradise*, alias the *friend* & bed fellow of the *Prince of Wales*, and *Robinson* taught her daughter, & this daughter taught *Mary Hayes*, the flippant novelist, & *Mary Hayes* the flippant novelist taught all the women of England. The audacity, profligacy, folly & presumption of these female philosophers has excited the just indignation of the Reverend *Richard Polewhela*, a clergyman of the established church, a classical scholar and an English gentleman of loyalty and honour. The cause was sufficient to require a *Juvenal*, and a moral *Juvenal* has been found. The character of Mr. P. is well known abroad as a divine, an historian, a naturalist and a poet. In the last character his renown is high. He is a conspicuous member of the club of "*Gentlemen of Devon and Cornwall*," who have for many years assembled, at stated times, at the Globe tavern in the city of Exeter, where their literary and festal pleasures resemble the delightful sympofia of the Greeks, to which men used in the descriptive phrase of my Lord *Bolingbroke*, "to convene more to *converse* than to *drink* together." From this literary club many elegant volumes, both in poetry and prose, have proceeded, to which Mr. P. has been a copious contributor. His "*English Orator*" is a charming didactic poem on the subject of eloquence. His "*Odes and Lyrical Poems*" are the very reverse of the fanatic ravings, and hobbling Jacobinism of *Southey*; and in his "*Old English Gentleman*," a poem descriptive of ancient courtesy and worth, like *De Coverley's* he has exhibited precisely such a character as a court of *Stuarts* might patronize, and a Lord *Falkland* and a Marquis of *Montrosse* greet; at whose table *Gay* and *Prior* might feast, and in whose hall the Genius of Hospitality and all the social powers would delight to dwell.

Stimulated by a hint in a note to the '*Pursuits of Literature*,' respecting those women who had chosen of late to become naked prize-fighters in the public arena, Mr. P. has laudably undertaken to exhibit a striking picture of '*Unsex'd Females.*' The invocation to the poem is gratefully and fervently addressed to Mr. Mathias. He then hurries immediately to the subject, and shortly feasts us with the following description, which the most transient observer of our petticoated cheats will acknowledge to be faithful and true.

"I shudder at the new unpictured scene,
Where unsex'd woman vaunts th' imperious mein,
Where girls affecting to dismiss the heart,
Invoke the Proteus of Petrific art;
With equal ease, in body or in mind,
To Gallic freaks or Gallic faith resigned,
The crane-like neck, as fashion bids, lay bare,
Or frizzle bold, in front, their borrowed hair;
Scarce by a gossamery film caress't,
Sports in full view, the meretricious breast:
Lose the chaste tincture, where the graces shone,
And languish'd all the loves, th' ambrosial zone.'

The portrait of *Mary Wolstoneraft* is at full length.

"See *Wolstoneraft*, whom no decorum checks,
Arise the intrepid champion of her sex;
O'er humbled man assert the sovereign claim,
And slight the timid blush of virgin fame."
"Go, go," she cries, "ye tribes of melting maids,
Go screen your softness in sequester'd shades;
With plaintive whispers woo the unconscious grove,
And feebly perish, as despised ye love.
What though the fine romances of *Rosseau*,
Bid the frame flutter, and the bosom glow,
Though the rapt bard, your empire fond to own,
Fall prostrate and adore your living throne,
The living throne his hands presum'd to rear,
Its seat a limper, and its base a tear;
Soon shall the sex disdain th' illusive sway,
And wield the sceptre in your blaze of day;
Ere long, your little artifice discard,
No more by weakness winning fond regard:
Nor eyes that sparkle from their blushes roll,
Nor catch the languors of their sickening soul,
Nor the quick flutter, nor the coy reserve:
But nobly boast the *firm gymnastic nerve*:
No more effect, with Delicacy's fan,
To hide the emotion from congenial man;
To the bold heights, where glory beams aspire,
Blend mental energy with passion's fire,
Surpass their rivals in the powers of mind,
And vindicate the rights of womankind."

The consequences of illicit love are thus described, in allusion to the tender connexion between Mr. W. and *Imlay* the speculator:

"Bath'd in new bliss, the fair one greets the bower,
And ravishes a flame from every flower.
Love at her feet inhales the master's sighs,
And dart voluptuous poison from her eyes.
Yet, while each heart pulse in the Idalian grove
Beats quick to *Imlay*, and licentious love,
A sudden gloom the gathering tempest spreads;

The floral arch-work withers o'er their heads;
Whirlwinds the paramours asunder tear,
And wisdom falls a victim of despair.

While the author indulges himself in thus exposing degenerate woman, he forgets not those illustrious and ingenious ladies who have not forgotten themselves.

"See *Seward* sting with rapture every vein,
Or gay *Piozzi* sport in lighter strain;
And *Burney* mix with sparkling humour chaste
Delicious feeling and the purest taste,
Or *Radcliffe* wrap in necromantic gloom
The impervious forest and the mystic dome:
See *Beauclerk* paint Leonora's spectre horse,
Th' uplifted lance of death, the grisly corse:
And e'en a *Princess* lend poetic grace
The pencil's charm, and breathe in every face."

On the whole, we are confident that this little poem will be read from higher considerations than the mere name of the author, or its literary merit. Both the poetry and the notes contain those *principles* which are not only externally true and stable, but present the broadest defence both to man and woman, against the assaults of vice, or the minings of subtle philosophy.

FRENCH THEATRICALS.

The following account of a late new Drama, is given in the last Paris papers. The plot has so much novelty in it, that it may afford my readers some entertainment:

"THE French Theatre sometimes presents to us extraordinary performances, of which the unexpected catastrophes and terrible characters ruffle the soul, and surprize the imagination. The spectator on such occasions mistakes a sensation of pain for a sensation of interest; his attention is fixed on a picture, which communicates horror to his mind, and the author inflated with a success which is at best of a dubious nature, believes that he has passed the ordinary limits of excellence because he has passed the ordinary limits of nature. Let him go to see the Abbe Le Epee—he will blush at his success—he will see that with sound morality, natural situations, a pure stile and real character, Frenchmen can still be pleased—that these qualities are still sufficient to fix their attention, to make their tears to flow, and to receive by drying them up again, the finest Eulogiums that can be bestowed upon talents.

"Such is the success which Citizen Bouilly has lately met with on the French Theatre.

"One of the causes Celebres* has afforded the subject of this work. It was, no doubt, very attractive to bring forward upon the stage this illustrious Le Epee, whom virtue appeared to have bequeathed to human nature; this astonishing man whose genius recreated so many men disinherited by nature of all that could make existence desirable. It was more attractive to bring forward upon the theatre a new character, like that of his scholar, deaf and dumb, whose ardent imagination is a fire which blazes the brighter from its being more concentrated; whose thoughts display themselves in every gesture. It was new to make that language be spoken on the theatre, which pleases, enchants and affects us, which inspires at once the admiration which genius excites, and the sensibility which is granted to misfortune. We shall recal to the recollection of our readers, the summary of this interesting story, in order to make them experience a part of the interest which this performance has excited.

"D'Harancourt one of the first magistrates of Toulouse, left at his death an only son, eight years old, who was deaf and dumb from his birth. The poor orphan was entrusted to the care of D'Arlemont, his maternal uncle, who, coveting the immense fortune of his pupil, and speculating on his misfortune brought him to Paris, covered him with rags, lost him in a bye street, got a false certificate of his death to be signed by two witnesses, one of whom was Dupre, who was valet de chambre to young Harancourt, and under the protection of this certificate he returned to Toulouse to take peaceable possession of the property of the orphan, hoping that the impossibility of this unfortunate boy, neither understanding others, or making himself understood, had forever secured him from being discovered. But the Abbe L'Epee was to discover the crime, and to repair the wrongs of nature. The young Harancourt was brought to him covered with rags, by his eyes, his signs, his gestures, and his distinguished air, he soon discovered that he was not born in that class among which his clothes seemed to rank him. He called him Theodore; he paid particular attention to him, and soon Theodore becomes the most interesting of all his pupils. But we must recount the step which he took and the means which he employed for discovering the secret of his birth.

One day as he was passing by the Palace with his pupil, the latter seeing a magistrate in a red robe alighting from his carriage, pointed to this magistrate and made it be understood that he had been caressed by him. The Abbe L'Epee from this concluded that his pupil was the son or relation of some magistrate, of one of the first Parliaments of the kingdom. Another day they met a great funeral procession. Theodore made it to be understood that he had followed such a one, recalling the idea of the magistrate. The Abbe L'Epee from this concluded that the father of his scholar was dead. But he did not yet know either his country or his name. The Abbe L'Epee carried him round all the barriers of Paris; having arrived at that of Enfer, Theodore dances with joy and points out the road. The Abbe L'Epee from this concludes that his pupil is from one of the principal cities of the South of France. It was still necessary to find out to which he belonged. It is necessary to set out on the road on foot, in order to observe the signs of his pupil, and to travel slowly. His age—his affairs at Paris signify nothing—he sacrifices every thing to his pupil; he departs, and from sign after sign, at the end of sixty six days, he reaches Toulouse. There by the joy and transports of his pupil, the Abbe L'Epee finds out that Tolouse is his native place. He traverses with him all the streets and public places. Arriving at the Palace St. George (it is there the action of the piece commences) Theodore falls on his knees, seems to return thanks to heaven, and kisses the gate of a splendid house. The Abbe L'Epee concludes that this house belonged to his pupil's father. He makes inquiries, and is answered that formerly it belonged to the deceased Count D'Harancourt, that he had left an only son, deaf and dumb from his birth, who had died at Paris, and that this house belonged at present to D'Arlemont, maternal uncle to the young Harancourt.

"The Abbe L'Epee, convinced that his pupil is the sole relict of the house of Harancourt, immediately forms the design of getting him re-instated in his name and fortune. He finds a celebrated advocate of the name of Fran-

val: he recounts to him the ſtory of the orphan; he intereſts him in the cauſe. While they were amuſing themſelves with the intereſting pupil, gratitude brings into the houſe the old portereſs of the Hotel D'Harancourt. The ocore recognizes her. She anſwers his ſigns—This is the firſt proof. They viſit the uncle. The infamous D'Arlemont is alarmed at the name of the Abbe L'Epee, inſtructor of the deaf and dumb, at his penetration and at the ſight of his charge, who ſtarts with horror on recognizing him. This is the ſecond proof. The ſon of D'Arlemont comes in; he embraces his couſin; he points out the ſcar of a hurt which he had once received in defending him againſt a dog. This is the third proof. But in vain does the ſon, more feeling than the father, entreat him to acknowledge his nephew and to call to him, "Reſtore, reſtore." He is inflexible; he reſiſts his lamentations, the perſuaſive voice of L'Epee, and the vigorous reaſoning of Frauval. He refuſes to acknowledge the young Harancourt.

"At laſt, in the fifth act, this man Dupre, who ſigned the falſe certificate of young Harancourt's death, offers to ſtate his crime before a court of Juſtice, and to ſubmit to the puniſhment which it deſerves. Old Arlemont, terrified with the threat of a depoſition ſo convincing, and in deſpair concerning his ſon, who wiſhes to kill himſelf before his eyes, yields and acknowledges his nephew. Young D'Arlemont with tranſport communicates this written acknowledgment, and the conſequent reſtitution of the property. Theodore writes at the bottom of the deed of reſtitution, that he gives the half of it to his couſin, and D'Arlemont, the ſon, marries the ſiſter of Frauval. (We have ſaid nothing either of this amour nor of the oppoſition of the father, who wiſhes to make his ſon marry a daughter of the Preſident D'Argental—this epiſode, however well interwoven with the main ſtory, ſometimes ſuſpends the action too long, and would unneceſſarily have lengthened our analyſis.)

"Such is the foundation of this work, in order to detail the beauties of which it would be neceſſary to copy the whole of it. Some ſcenes are dull; ſome characters are ill drawn; but what ſimplicity in the conduct, what nobleneſs in the character of Frauval, and how excellently is it acted by Baptiſte? what ſenſibility in young D'Arlemont as Damas has pourtrayed all its ſhades! What an inexpreſſible charm attached us to all the motions of this intereſting Theodore, whoſe penetration, enthuſiaſm, candor and expreſſion, required both the talents and the heart of M. de Petit Vanbove to repreſent them—but eſpecially what zeal more than human, what ſupernatural genius, what celeſtial beneficence, what beauty of thought, of ſtyle, and of ſentiment in the Abbe L'Epee. For this part, the ſincerity, the judgment, and the ſoul of Monvel were neceſſary—Every moment he recalled to recollection the ſucceſſor of the Abbe de L'Epee, whom poſterity will remember, whom his own age perſecutes, whom humanity reclaims, whom the revolution exiles—but the fate of his pupils ſpeaks more eloquently in his behalf than our lamentations, and under a government, the protector of Genius, and of misfortunes, the Abbe Sicard cannot be much longer eſtranged from his country."

* *Cauſes Celebres is the name of a publication containing extraordinary or ſelect cauſes tried in the Court of Juſtice in France.*

HISTORY OF JACK SMITH.

[*Continued from page 75.*]

"You have no doubt then," ſaid Captain Grey, changing the converſation, "that your niece and her huſband were among the unhappy victims in France."

"Yes, poor fooliſh young man, he was the cauſe of his own ruin; as fine a young fellow as ever lived. I believe you know he was the ſon of the Duke de Merite, one of the firſt noblemen in France. Travelling through England about fifteen years ago, he danced with poor Nelly at Weymouth; he was introduced by the Duke of C——, with whom he had been a meſſmate."—"I have heard part of the ſtory," ſaid Captain Grey; "ſhall I trouble you to tell the particulars?"—"Willingly," replied the other; "it is an ungrateful ſtory indeed, but you have heard the chief." The Marquis de Valeur (as he was then titled,) was one of the few French characters that can pleaſe an Engliſhman; with all that livelineſs ſo peculiar to his nation, he had the blunt honeſty of a Briton, and his word once given, was as tenaciouſly obſerved as if he had confirmed it by a thouſand oaths. Diſguſted with the French government, and more particularly with the ficklenes and inſincerity of the Court, with an unreſtrained education of a nobleman of the firſt rank, with ſtrong natural abilities, and a bold mind, not to be led aſtray by the ridiculous cuſtoms of others, he had early begun to think for himſelf, to diſpraiſe his own government, and extol the Engliſh conſtitution. Diſſatisfied at home with every thing around him, he had prevailed with his parents, or, more properly he had thought proper to make the tour of England. His warm liberal heart quickly felt the difference; and the company of the firſt wits and moſt ſenſible men of the day at the parties of the P. of W. and the Duke when the converſation was unreſtrained by any formal reſpect, could not but be in the higheſt degree acceptable to a mind ſo liberal as his. He ſoon became known, and was noticed by the elder Princes of the Royal Family. Ever greedy after knowledge, he attended the Duke of C. to view the ſhipping; and after a party of pleaſure at ſea, had landed with him at Weymouth. The Duke had preſented him to my niece as the prettieſt girl in the room for a partner; but how was our Frenchman ſurpriſed when he found her as ſenſible as ſhe was pretty! Ah! Grey, you remember poor Nelly; when you was but a boy, ſhe uſed to ſay you was the beſt-tempered child in the kingdom." The veteran got up, blew his noſe, threw up the window, ſaw the ſnow upon the ground, and ſat down again. The Captain wiping his face. "'Tis very warm, Grey," ſaid the other, and continued his ſtory. "It was at Weymouth where the acquaintance firſt began; and our young nobleman, who had withſtood all the firſt beauties of Paris and of London, found himſelf entangled by the artleſs charms of a country parſon's orphan, without a ſix pence in the world.

"The next day he accompanied the Prince to London; and, to my great ſurpriſe, called upon us in the morning, to aſk my permiſſion to renew the acquaintance, as he propoſed returning to Weymouth in a few days. Two days after he called on us again, and, prejudiced as I was againſt the name of a Frenchman, I could not help being pleaſed with him. He continued at Weymouth a month and was with us almoſt every day. His acquaintance was ſmall and reſpectable; he kept no carriage, but lived in a plain family way, without any affected ſtile or ſhew. At the end of a month, he called upon me one morning, and aſked to ſpeak to me upon a buſineſs of ſome importance. In a few words he profeſſed his love for my niece; that he was perfectly acquainted with her family and expectations;

that he was and always would be, his own master, and only waited for my approbation to publicly pay his addresses. I told him he had better not think any more of it; that her situation in life was so humble, his family would never agree to it; and I thought he would do right to relinquish it at once. In short, Grey, he was too true a lover to give up his point; and about a year after their first acquaintance, they were married in London. In the mean time he had informed his father of his intentions; and, by his desire, the P. of W. the D. of C. and the famous Duke of Orleans (the infamy of whose character was not then fully known,) wrote to him upon the same subject. They assured him that though she was a woman of no great family or fortune, she was the daughter of a clergyman, the niece of a naval officer, (I believe my character was made most of,) and a woman of the very first reputation for beauty, prudence, and sense. The father did not refuse his consent; and I had the pleasure of giving my dear girl to a man she truly loved, and who as truly deserved her. About this time the disturbances began to threaten in France, and Nelly accompanied her husband abroad. The Marquis de Valeur did all in his power to promote a liberal government and free monarchy; but his former ardour for liberty had too speedily hastened the crisis, the consequence of which was (for I cannot bear to enter into particulars,) that the cursed wretches, unworthy of freedom, murdered the unhappy Duke and his family; and shortly after my ill fated nephew and niece fell victims to their ingratitude. You have seen in the public papers the circumstances of his death, and even his speech to the populace; I can scarcely credit that he ever uttered it. The last account I had from them, he was attempting to send his wife to England, unable to come himself for a wound received in revenging his father's death. Soon after the massacres were renewed, I heard no more; twelve years are passed by, and I would forget the dreadful history. They left no child. I have lost my poor Nelly, and have not a near relation existing." Captain Wills paused; then added, with a forced smile, "You see, Grey, what a good situation mine would have been for your boy."

"And I hope in a few years will be," replied the other, "when he has laid the foundation of a good education."

"Oh, yes," said Captain Willis, "we can find him plenty of time to study on ship board, and the Chaplain shall help him on."

"I'll send for Jack," said Captain Grey, ringing the bell, "and let him know your kind intentions; and as I have written to Freeman, if he will take the management of him for a couple of years (for I had an order yesterday to join my regiment, and to be ready to embark in a month) he will be of a good age for a young sailor."—"he is about twelve years old at present?" said Captain Willis.—"He is," replied the other. Jack entered and being asked whether he liked to go to sea, answered, "Very much indeed," thinking he was to accompany his master; but when he found that was not the case, and that Captain Grey did not mean to permit him to accompany him abroad, he no longer concealed his disappointment. His master explained to him the gentleman's intention concerning him; and Jack answered, that whatever Captain Grey thought proper, he was very willing to agree to, and that he was much obliged to the gentleman for his kindness. Here the affair at present rested. Captain Willis remained at his friend's a week, and perfectly agreed with Grey about the youth. In the mean time the Majority in Captain Grey's regiment became vacant, and was purchased by him. He also received the latter part of the week, an answer from his friend Freeman, which was to the following purpose: "That he accepted the charge of young Smith, and that he purposed, in a week or two, to take a journey to London, intending to call on him as he went home." He concluded by saying, "I shall send your young hero to a school about two miles from hence, and according as he conducts himself, shall he be treated by me. He will go every morning to the school, which is kept by a worthy brother curate, an excellent scholar; the terms are a guinea the quarter. The boy will take his dinner along with him in the morning, and return to St. Donats in the evening. I certainly shall take nothing for the trifling expence of his board with me, till I have the pleasure of seeing you at the head of a regiment, when if you think proper to offer me the chaplainship, I shall not refuse it."

As the contents of this letter stopped the worthy sailor's intentions for the present, he left our new-made Major the following day. Nothing materially happened before the young clergyman arrived; his stay was but short with Major Grey, as he was obliged to be at home the next Sunday. Jack took leave of his old friends with a very sorrowful heart: poor Mrs. Mary, who had flattered herself with his company in his master's absence, gave a plentiful vent to her tears; old Abraham thought it a great pity, and doubted if any Welch parson was a better scholar than himself; and Dick, biting his lips to prevent the willing oath, did nothing but run about the house all the day before. The Major, as well as the rest, felt himself concerned at the separation, but had more prudence to conceal it.

I shall not mention the many kind and friendly things which were said to him by all parties before his departure; but without any further ceremony, conduct our young hero to the residence of the Welch curate, to whom Major Grey had ordered him to be obedient as to himself. "Here, Jack, said the Major to him as they were about to depart, "are five guineas for pocket-money. If you behave well, Freeman I am sure will be a friend to you, whatever may happen to me. Mind your book, mind your duty; never do an act you are ashamed to own, and never on any account, tell a lie. With tears the poor little fellow promised to be obedient; how far he was so, the subsequent history will tell.

DEATH OF HARRY MARTEN.

[*From lives of the English Regicides.*]

SUCH was the end of the gay, the licentious, debauched, abandoned Harry Marten, who could play his jests, whilst sacrificing his royal master to the aggrandisement of a rebellious army. Such were the last sad days and years of the man, whose quickness of thought, elegance of manners, vivacity, wit, and charming gaiety, had often fascinated not only convivial boards, but the grave, austere, sour, republican chiefs in the house of commons, who often chose him their manager and director. Who, after spending a noble paternal inheritance, vast sums gained by plunder, or the lavish grants of the parliament, was reduced to a lower station than his most menial servant—and who, if he had not been supported as a criminal, must have been as a prisoner for debt.

Such a character is an awful lesson to the rich and thoughtless, to the man of genius, to such who are favored with peculiar blessings of wealth and fortune, that they may restrain themselves by checking those propensities to which both their tempers and the specious temptation of their stations allure; lest, like Harry Marten, they be-

come monuments of their own ruin, and public objects of ſcorn, contempt and abhorrence.

For the BALTIMORE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

MR. COLVIN,

THE courteous and chriſtian requeſt of "*Philoſophos*," in your Magazine of the 21ſt ultimo, cannot, (in my opinion) remain unnoticed with credit to thoſe ſtewards of the myſteries of the goſpel, in this city, whoſe peculiar office ſhould encourage us to hope, that they are "*apt to teach*."

I doubt not, therefore, but that many of your readers, as well as myſelf, have been much diſappointed in ſeeing no anſwer to *Philoſophos*, inſerted in laſt Saturday's Magazine; and but that it is their wiſh, as well as my own, to be ſtill gratified on the ſubject, by the pen of ſome reverend Chriſtian, whoſe time and talents may enable him to offer ſuch a rational and ſpiritual expoſition of the paſſage alluded to, as may commend itſelf to every man's conſcience, that is not fettered by ſuperſtition, or devaſtated by infidelity.

But, as the coſtly offerings of the rich could not deter the poor widow of old, from caſting her *mite* into the ſacred treaſury; neither will *I* be intimidated from caſting in *my* mite into that more valuable treaſury of ſcientific and ſacred knowledge which you have lately opened for public uſe, through the medium of *The Baltimore Magazine*.

Should any other anſwer to *Philoſophos*, however, be received, or expected, before the inſertion of my peculiar, and probably, unpopular ideas, I muſt inſiſt that you ſhall keep back, until the laſt, the following curſory thoughts on the ſubject.

In the writings of many of the primitive fathers of the chriſtian church, and even of St. Paul himſelf, we find that a ſpiritual or allegorical mode of explaining the holy ſcriptures have taken place; and that, not only in the rituals of the Jewiſh law, but alſo in the hiſtorical and prophetical parts of the Old Teſtament; (*ſee Gal.* 4 *ch.* 24 *v.*) and it is but reaſonable to conclude, that the *holy word*, (which if ſuch, muſt undoubtedly proceed from GOD; and conſequently partake of his *holy eſſence*,) will be found in this its *holy eſſence* to be more and more ſpiritual; in proportion as we aſcend, or approach nearer and nearer unto the adorable and eſſential fountain from whence the word proceedeth.

Indeed the more interiorly we examine the works of God in *nature*; the more pure, ſpiritual and aſtoniſhing we perceive their *forms*; the reaſon is, becauſe in ſo doing we approach nearer to their internal eſſences from whence they derive their external coverings; ſo doubtleſs it is with the holy word or ſcriptures; the more interiorly *they* are viewed, the more pure, ſpiritual, and aſtoniſhing will *their* contents be found, as approaching nearer to their infinite ſource which is no leſs than God himſelf, (*ſee St John's Goſpel*, 1 *c.* 1 *v.*)

And this idea of the hidden or ſpiritual contents of the *holy word*, is not more rational and ſcriptural, than it is uſeful and edifying; as it tends to impreſs deeper on the mind a proper ſenſe of the dignity and divine ſanctity thereof, while at the ſame time it is calculated to reconcile many paſſages therein, which by appearing as inconſiſtencies and contradictions, have too frequently been matter of offence and ſtumbling to ſuch as look no farther than the ſenſe of the letter; while even thoſe who have been truly pious, and meaſurably illuminated have been made to exclaim, "*Verily, thou art a God that hideſt thyſelf, O God of Iſrael, the Saviour*"—See Iſa. chap. 45. v. 15.

I need not obſerve that the foregoing introductory remarks are not limited to the text in queſtion; but are calculated to apply to any, and every paſſage in the ſacred ſcriptures, are intended to be of uſe on any future ſimilar occaſion, to direct our rational mind from the mere *letter* to the genuine "*ſpirit and life*" of the WORD.

EXPLANATION

Of the ninth verſe of Saint Jude's Epiſtle.

"*Michael the Archangel*," does not ſignify any individual created Being; but in a primary ſenſe, THE LORD, with reſpect to *Divine Truth*, operating by influx through the angelic heavens, on the *rational* principle in man:—Hence alſo in a ſecondary ſenſe, *Michael* ſignifies a particular miniſtry in the heavens; or a particular ſociety of angelic ſpirits, whoſe chief employment and delight conſiſts in opening and illuminating the human mind by means of rational truths from the WORD.

"*Contending with the Devil*," ſignifies the oppoſition and warfare which ſucceeds the admiſſion of *genuine truths* in the human mind; for theſe truths naturally fighteth againſt "*the Devil*," that is, againſt all thoſe erroneous and antichriſtian tenets, which may have been imbibed by education, and ſtrengthened by our internal propenſity to evil.

"*The body of Moſes*," ſignifies the *literal* or external ſenſe of the ſcriptures which were written by Moſes; and which *literal* ſenſe is but a cover to their genuine or ſpiritual ſenſe.

"*Durſt not bring a railing accuſation*," ſignifies, that it is not agreeable to divine order, and chriſtian duty to calumniate or contemn any man, on account of his peculiar religious creed, however erroneous it may be; but that we ſhould be contented with praying for his ſpiritual illumination, and conſequent converſion, thus,

"*The Lord rebuke thee*," ſignifies deſire in the angels, that the man of the church who is in errors of faith, may have his underſtanding illuminated, corrected and reformed, by means of *rational truths* from the word.

Were I now to add, to the above illuſtration and introductory remarks, the various PROOFS both rational and ſcriptural of the juſtneſs of the aforeſaid *explanation*, I ſhould intrude too much upon the limited pages of one week's magazine; I promiſe, however, if time and health permit, to *add* theſe proofs, at no very diſtant period, by way of a ſecond communication on the ſubject; not that I am anxious to compaſs ſea and land to make proſelytes to *my* opinion of the text; but if my neighbour Philoſophos' ox or aſs (that is his affection for goodneſs or his affection for truth) has fallen into a pit, my aid, (ſhould it be accepted) ſhall not be wanting, to draw them out again, otherwiſe I ſhould be unworthy the name of

A SERIOUS CHRISTIAN.

Baltimore, July 4, 1800.

THE SORROWS OF AMELIA;

Or, deluded Innocence—founded on fact.

THE ſun ſhone in his vernal ſplendor, when the fair Amelia, accuſtomed to take a diurnal hour, ſallied into the fields to contemplate and admire the beauties of the dawn-

ing year. The elegance of the proſpect, the fragrance of odoriferous flowers, the reſounding noiſe of a bubbling fountain, the innocent melody of the feathered choir, and the ſerenity of a beauful atmoſphere, conſpired to excite in her tender boſom, the moſt pleaſing and grateful emotions. Regaled by her delightful rambles, ſhe returned, to enjoy the ſweets of domeſtic contemplation. With the floried pencil of fancy, ſhe pictured to herſelf a brilliant ſcene of uninterrupted delights, at ſome future period. But unhappily for Amelia, this was the laſt of all her pleaſures. So tranſitory is human felicity! She was endued by nature with every innocent virtue and fine accompliſhment that could command the admiration and eſteem of all her friends and aſſociates.

The elegance of her perſon attracted and charmed—yet the ſuavity of her mind ſurpaſſed all her external perfections. She was unrivalled in ſweetneſs and tender ſenſibility, and the gentleneſs of her boſom illuminated the lineaments of her lovely countenance. In her infantine years ſhe was deprived of the tender care of parental affection, and her blooming beauty was expoſed to the all faſcinating ſnares of artful diſſimulation.

The only foible which the delicate Amelia poſſeſſed, was an unſuſpecting breaſt, to laviſh eſteem. Unverſed in the ſecret villainies of a baſe degenerate world, ſhe ever imagined all mankind were as ſpotleſs as herſelf. But, Alas! this fatal credulity, was the ſource of all her misfortunes. Scarce had ſhe arrived at her 16th year, when the perfidious Alonzo, by his perſuaſive flattery, and external charms enſured her ſuſceptible heart, and under the moſt ſacred promiſes of matrimony, betrayed her female innocence. Ye generous fair, cenſure not the deluded Amelia, nor withhold the tear of commiſeration, for you are ſenſible that baneful flattery, that efficacious laudanum, too often ſeals the eye of juvenile prudence. Her ſenſibility was too refined to ſuſtain the reproach of a cenſorious world, therefore ſhe approached death by ſwallowing a potion of poiſon. Had ſhe enjoyed the advantages of a kind and faithful monitres, to guide all her actions, and check the little riſing weeds of youthful folly, ſhe might have triumphed over the arts of Alonzo, and proved one of the faireſt bloſſoms in the garden of ſociety. This unhappily was not her lot, and therefore like a tender flower ſhe withered in her bloom. Oh! fair Amelia, peace to thy lovely aſhes—may parental myrtles deck thy hallowed tomb—may virgin ſiſters waft you to their native ſkies, and ſenſibility ever drop a tear at the remembrance of thy misfortune!

As ſoon as the depraved Alonzo was informed of the death of the amiable Amelia, his breaſt was filled with poignant remorſe; and guilt, with all its infernal retinue aſſailed his diſordered imagination. The untimely fate of Amelia damped all his enjoyments—for when the thoughtleſs career of voluptuouſneſs is over, the gay phantoms of pleaſure ſhine with diminiſhed luſtre, and reflexion will reſume her violated empire. Not all the moſt licentious ſcenes of folly, or the vain ſplendor of pomp and parade, could poſſibly diſſipate the gloom which enveloped his mind; he was haunted with all the ſolicitude of a perſecuted conſcience, ſenſible of his guilt, his mind ſunk into a deſponding melancholy, which ſoon put a period to his miſerable exiſtence.

Ye who inhale the bluſhing morn of exiſtence, learn inſtruction from the fate of Alonzo, and at the earlier period, check the diſpoſition which would prompt you to ſpread toils for unſuſpecting innocence. Guilt will deſtroy the bliſs of the ſeducer, intrude on his morning pleaſures and damp his evening joys.

Baltimore.

NEWS.

THERE has been nothing received from Europe within the laſt two weeks worthy relating, except ſome few reports relative to the American embaſſy to France; ſome ſay they are progreſſing favorably, whilſt others repreſent them as being unſucceſsful.

At home every thing wears the appearance of proſperity, and the protecting hand of Heaven is viſible in the management of affairs in the United States.

—

Yeſterday (being the fourth of July) the different military companies paraded in honor of the æra of Independence. They marched to Federal Hill, where they performed a variety of evolutions with tolerable preciſion. The *Obſervatory* and *Gray's Gardens*, were, notwithſtanding the wetneſs of the night, ſplendidly illuminated.

MARRIAGES.

MARRIED—On Sunday evening laſt, at Annapolis, by Mr. Higinbothom, Mr. *John Brewer*, to Miſs *Elizabeth Gaſſon*, both of that city.

DEATH.

DIED on Friday the 27th ultimo, Miſs *Suſanna Stump*, aged 16.

—

An account of the quantity of wheat flour, rye flour, and Indian meal, inſpected in the city of Baltimore, for the laſt quarter, ending the 30th of June laſt.

70,089	barrels of wheat flour,
3,277	half barrels wheat do.
2,669	barrels of rye do.
42	hogſheads Indian meal,
1,691	barrels do.
51	half barrels do.

EPITAPH

On D'Ablancourt, *the famous French tranſlator.*

L'ILLUSTRE D'Ablancourt repoſe en ce tombeau
Son genie a ſon ſiecle a ſervi de flambeau,
Dans ſes fameux ecrits tout la France admire,
Des Grecs et des Romains les precieux treſors;
A ſon trepas on ne peut dire
Qui perds le plus des vivans ou des morts.

Imitated in Engliſh.

HERE lies D'Ablancourt, that renowned ſage,
Whoſe genius, like a torch, illum'd his age,
By him in French attire each claſſic ſhone;
He made all Athens and all Rome our own.
'Tis hard to ſay—when his great ſpirit fled,
Who loſt the moſt—the living—or the dead.

For the BALTIMORE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ODE

FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY 1800.

SWIFT ſtrike the lyre and ſweep the ſounding ſtring,
Let Heav'n and earth with *Io Peans* ring,
To Hail the day—the ever glorious Day,
That freed *Columbia* from tyrannic ſway:
Lo! on the plain
A martial train—
Shout forth triumphant—rend the vaulted ſky,
"Free let us live, or elſe reſolve to die."

Each youthful breaſt beats high with patriot flame,
To emulate the virtues of that name,
That erſt with warrior arm deſtruction hurl'd,
And broke the ſlaviſh chains of half a world:
'Twas WASHINGTON,
Freedom's great Son,
Who gave the Weſtern World the power *to be*
Great, Independent—void of tyranny.

And now behold the warlike toil is o'er,
The drum and martial fife are heard no more;
Each youth returning piles his burniſh'd arms,
And joins the feſtive Board where *Beauty* charms:
Drinks to the Day,
When Freedom's ſway,
Firſt made *Columbia* own her glorious power,
And feel the influence of her mighty Dower.

The virgin train ſhall chaunt the ſong of praiſe,
And in harmonious notes their voices raiſe;
To him, the father of the juſt and brave
(Whoſe mighty word's omnipotent to ſave:)
For all the good
On us beſtow'd,
Since firſt he gave unto our ſhores a name,
Or bade our deeds be regiſtered by Fame.

For the BALTIMORE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SONNET.

COWARD! ſnatch the long'd for bliſs,
While the queen of beauty ſleeps;
Print a ſoul-entrancing kiſs,
Glowing on her honied lips.

If thou doſt this moment miſs,
It may ne'er return again;
Thou may'ſt languiſh for a kiſs,
Ah! and languiſh long in vain—

Sure the ſov'reign nymph will wake,
And reprove the tend'reſt touch,—
Ah! my trembling limbs refuſe,
To convey me to her couch.

Daſtard fly! and mourn in ſhame,
Ceaſe the cruel fates to blame.

ALONZO.

For the BALTIMORE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ODE—*To the ſweet-ſcented Vine.**

SOLACE of melancholy hours,
And therefore dear to me;
I leave the cultivated bowers
And fly, *ſweet* Vine to thee.

Thou grow'ſt not in the gay parterre
With vulgar charms to vie—
The vanity that ſparkles there
Thou ſcorn'ſt—and ſo do I.

But climb'ſt upon the talleſt cliſt
On talleſt mountain rude;
Where the Bald-Eagle, ſtrong and ſwift,
Suſtains her *annual* brood.

There climbing too, thy ſweets among,
I taſte them unallov'd;
Which but for me had ne'er been ſung,
Had never been enjoy'd.

H——

Baltimore, June 30, 1800.

* *This Vine bears no fruit; but in the month of June, ſends forth a delicious fragrance. It has not been ſo much noticed as it deſerves to be.*

For the BALTIMORE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SONNET.

THE goblet erſt with ſparkling wine which ſhone,
Go dip in Lethe's ſorrow-ſoothing wave;
And haſte to bring the ſweet oblivious draught,
To drown the woes of Mira's mourning ſlave.

Strew Theban poppies e'er my couch, and bind
The opiate bloſſoms round my aching head,
And let my tempeſt-driven ſoul repoſe,
Forgetful and forgotten as the dead.

In vain the buſy tempeſt round me raves,
And Mira's faſcinating charms are vain:
Her roſeate bloom, and heavenly form recede,
Nor love's dread dart inflicts its wonted pain.

Bring, bring the precious gift of Jove,
The ſacred cup—the balmy cure of love.

ALONZO.

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